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TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION.

Shall there be Conscription?

FOR.

MR. HALDANE'S bold measure for Army Reform will bring its sequel. In the meantime we are left wondering what this will be. By drastic economies in expenditure shall we produce a force sufficiently strong to secure that impregnability of the British Isles of which we are none of us too sure, despite the assurance of the "blue water" theorists, or shall we find the remedy in Conscription?

For security we have got to pay a price, and Lord Roberts, realising the inadequateness of the present voluntary system, has told us recently that unless the price is paid, a toll a thousand times more heavy may one day be wrung from us for mere permission to continue a dishonoured existence. Dishonoured, because every Englishman has not yet recognised his duty as a defender of his country. Conscription alone can awaken him, and give us an Army equal to the requirements of the Nation, economic in working, and bringing with it benefits to which prejudice has too long closed our eyes. Conscription is the principle recognised by almost every civilised country as imperative to the securing of a great national Army, maintained, numerically and physically, at the highest standard of efficiency. It is the only method which can finally root up the evils of the voluntary system, and make ours a truly military nation.

The interest which we display in the adequate armament of the kingdom in times of peace is now practically nil. We have grown, in our snug sense of security, to look upon the Army as something quite apart from our immediate concern. The majority of us could only hazard a vague guess as to its composition and maintenance. The jangle and glitter of a passing troop attract us and please our eye; but how many of us, brought to a stand on the kerb to watch the unaccustomed sight, are filled with any feeling that would not be aroused equally by a circus?

It is only in the homes of soldiers that we find anything but apathy in respect to the changes that take place in the composition of the Army and the work of securing its efficiency. But this careless, thoughtless attitude towards what should be every man's and every woman's personal concern, in securing the safety of their common interests and preserving our military strength among nations, would disappear if we had soldier homes throughout the land. For the first time the country would be brought in close touch with our Army system; every able-bodied man would be familiar with its routine, and would follow its development closely and intelligently. Conscription alone can unite us in the responsibility of protecting England from the terrible possibility of invasion.

How do the advocates of the voluntary system suggest that we shall secure immunity in this direction? They tell us that the Volunteer force should be extended until it embraced every physically fit man in the country, and that these "Volunteers" should be trained in a manner so thorough that they constituted a force equal to the Regulars. In other words, they propose to practise Conscription while they preach Voluntaryism!

No one can deny the need of some drastic measure that will improve the social standing of the private in the British Army. How frequently we hear the expression — "Oh, he's only a soldier"!—the man who is looked at askance because he wears the King's uniform; the man whom the publican has refused to serve because the soldier serves his country; the man whose presence in a theatre has been held to be unwelcome; the man whom hundreds of Englishmen resent as a fellow-passenger in public vehicles! Yet, deplorable as this state of affairs is, it is not without reason. We have to thank for it the present system of enlistment, which has forced the Colour-Sergeant to seek among the outcasts of humanity in order to maintain the numerical strength of the Army. Who has not watched with feelings of shame the pitiable spectacle of a Colour-Sergeant followed by a handful of bedraggled, crestfallen, and starving youths, "the raw material" of our fighting forces! And who, looking upon this sight, degrading alike to the Service and the Nation, has not fervently wished that this scavenging for defenders of the country could cease to be, as it has in countries where Conscription is in force?

When we can proudly claim to be soldiers all, then the Army will be freed from such degrading influences and the soldier will emerge universally honoured and respected; with no stigma of caste upon him; welcomed everywhere as his position gives him the right to expect. And we shall not continue to live in a country which may be left practically defenceless, as was the case in 1899, when three hundred thousand men were dispatched as an expeditionary force to the Transvaal.

Photo. London Electrotype Agency.

MR. HALDANE,
The Secretary of State for War, who proposes to reform our Army system.

AGAINST.

No greater tax could be placed on British patriotism than to lay the country under the yoke of Conscription. To furnish the nation with a compulsory fighting force would be at the same time to rob Englishmen of their dearly prized right to serve King and country in time of peril not because needs must, but at the call of the heart; and not once in the history of the race have they been found wanting in the hour of need.

The feudal system introduced by King William was resented by the freemen, and from that time forward for six centuries every Briton worthy of the name has been ready to give his right arm to the defence of his country. Mind you, "give," for the man who takes the shilling serves his Sovereign under no more compunction than he who volunteers arms. Introduce Conscription, and you challenge the loyalty of the subject, and defeat the very object which its advocates have at heart. People are inclined to declare carelessly that we are not a military nation. This is true in comparison with those countries in which every man is compelled to undergo military training unless physically unfit. But are we to entirely overlook the great voluntary work that has been carried on, and is yearly becoming further-reaching in its aim to make Great Britain a nation of soldiers?

At the present moment we have the Volunteer force, Yeomanry, uniformed cadet battalions of public schools, cadet battalions supported by private funds, the Duke of York's military school, rifle clubs, Church Lads' and Boys' Brigades, Telegraph Messenger Lads, District Messenger Lads, members of societies such as the Shaftesbury and industrial schools. In these directions alone we have an enormous army in the making. The Volunteers alone constitute a force averaging 350,000 men. The size of the cadet corps may be judged by the fact that nearly half the public schools in England have registered corps which are to be found in the Army List as part of the military establishment. The National Rifle Club and the Miniature Rifle Club have 60,000 men who are becoming voluntary marksmen. The Stock Exchange Rifle Club has already 1000 members, although it has not long been in existence. Municipal rifle ranges have already been established in the provinces, while the formation of a League of Metropolitan Civilian Rifle Clubs is under consideration.

This gives but a slight idea of the voluntary movement, prompted by zeal, the finest of all incentives, a movement of which all Englishmen should be proud, a movement which must be negatived and crushed the moment that the country is placed under Conscription.

And would Conscription give us the description of fighting force on which Great Britain depends? Conscripts cannot be sent outside the country to fight; therefore England would be saddled with an army valueless for expeditionary service or for the garrisoning of India and the Colonies. We can get an unwieldy biennial army for home defence by compulsion, an army far in excess of the needs of the country; but by such a step we strike at the loyalty of the subject and deprive the Englishman of his birthright of freedom. We exact his obedience and reject his voluntary service, and henceforth the noblest phase of militarism disappears.

Not only does Conscription threaten the liberty of the people, but it must mar the career of millions of young men, who, at the most critical period in their lives, would be torn from their profession to undergo the military training which the State imposed. It requires no effort of imagination to picture the position in which countless conscripts would find themselves at the end of their term of service. Professional openings which were before them would be filled by others; steps in promotion would be lost, business connections broken, and many a promising young fellow would return to civilian life to face the problem of seeking anew a means of gaining his livelihood.

Compare the feelings of such as these with the feelings of men who are to-day voluntarily fitting themselves to be defenders of their country in time of need, and would gladly welcome a wider and better organised recognition and employment of their free services. Then judge whether, by Conscription, the nation would gain or lose in the finest and truest spirit of militarism.

In a voluntary service, we get such enthusiasm and self-sacrifice as made our blood tingle with pride when the call came from South Africa. Under a system of compulsion we look only for submission. With these facts confronting us, should we dare to take upon ourselves the responsibility of Conscription?

NOTABLE PEOPLE CLAIMED BY DEATH.

Photo. Bolak.

MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM,
The Celebrated Savoy Actress.

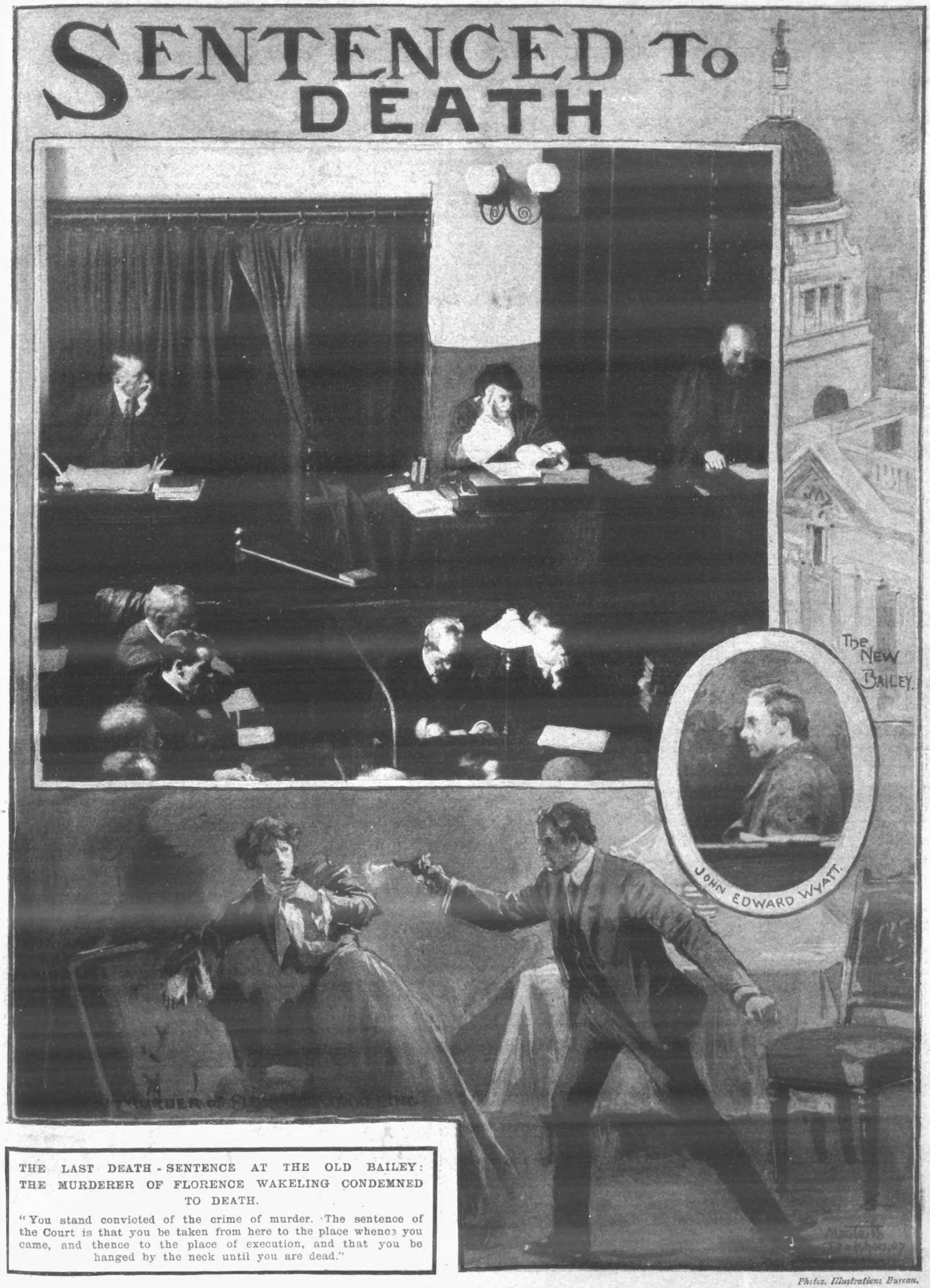
Photo. Bolak.

SIR AUGUST MANNS,
The Well-Known Conductor of many Handel Festivals.

Photo. Mills.

MR. CHARLES BERTRAM,
The Famous Conjurer and Favourite Entertainer of Royalty.

MR. JUSTICE RIDLEY DONS THE FATEFUL BLACK CAP.



THE LAST DEATH-SENTENCE AT THE OLD BAILEY: THE MURDERER OF FLORENCE WAKELING CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

"You stand convicted of the crime of murder. The sentence of the Court is that you be taken from here to the place whence you came, and thence to the place of execution, and that you be hanged by the neck until you are dead."

Photos. Illustrations Bureau.

MISS DESPERADO

BY HENRY T. JOHNSON

CHAPTER I.

WAS it a voice, a warning voice, falling on the midnight stillness? Or was it the wind moaning in the branches, lifting and falling close to his window, filling the room by turns with inky gloom and cold blue moonlight?

Was it of the world, that sound that broke the frail seal of his light slumber, so that he sprang up with a catch of the breath, a catch at his heart, with sweat upon his brow, a cry on his lips?

The woman at his side, terrified by that cry, woke too, with a start.

"What ails you? Are you ill? Speak!" she cried, for in the moonlight his face looked weirdly green, and his dilated eyes glistened uncannily.

"It is nothing," he said; "nothing. Go to sleep."

The man lay back on the pillow. The woman, too, composed herself again for sleep. "How you frightened me!" she said nervously. "You must see Dr. Forsyth in the morning. Yes, and you really must not put off making your will any longer. I shall send over for Jerrold first thing—delays—are—dangerous." Mumbling the last words drowsily, she went off again to sleep.

But Matthew Jerningham lay wide awake—horribly awake, watching the shadows and listening to the sounds of midnight. He wondered what ailed him. Ill-health and he were such strangers that he was more concerned about that sudden paroxysm—spasm—seizure—be it what it might, than a man less hale and robust would perhaps have been.

He tried hard to sleep, but vainly. Then his mind went wandering along the vista of the bygone years, and unbidden recollections surged upon him. And by-and-by memories and dreams began to mingle—memories that, waking, he at most times, if only for a while, contrived to banish, woven with dreams, held him enmeshed.

He was back again in those old days, before the unexpected deaths of three kinsmen in swift sequence left him heir to the vast Jerningham estates. Once again he was a thriftless, shiftless, wandering wastrel, who could not dig and to beg was ashamed

Yes, to beg. Not to borrow, nor to acquire by such means as came to hand safely. Step by step he was sliding down the steep, never dreaming of the coming windfall which should place him beyond temptation, but, so far as he could see or know, losing at every step the foothold of principle. Out of the dream-mist came once more that haunting face, the lips still moving in the piteous prayer.

"You'll swear you'll marry me. Swear it again, Matt"; and once again he was swearing he would give her, and that other, the name he bore, before he succeeded to that of Jerningham with the estates.

There were the white, restless hands again, now clasped in mute appeal, now wringing with despairing agony, and now again he was seizing them, wheedling, coaxing, wrenching from them notes and gold, the good money to follow the bad across the tables of green baize and red and black.

And he was whispering again, "You shall have it all back; and, yes, in a few days we'll be married."

The dream-panorama shifted: he was aboard ship, looking over the bows at the quay, that seemed shifting past.

And there, of a sudden, was that face again; there was wringing of hands; a distraught woman was shrieking, "Come back, come back, for the child's sake! Oh, cruel, cruel, to leave us so! God will smite you!"

And those amid whom he was moving were wondering to whom that poor soul was appealing, and he, shrugging his shoulders, was echoing, "I wonder."

Seas and years rolled between there and then, and the here and now; but Matthew Jerningham now was wondering, could all the oceans and all the ages cleanse from his soul that sin?

. . . .

Next morning, Mrs. Jerningham lost no time in telephoning Dr. Forsyth to drive over and see her husband, in spite of the protestations of the latter.

For it was daylight now, and he was cheerfully, almost boisterously, declaring that he never felt fitter in his life.

"I expect I supped a little too late—and perhaps too heartily," he said. "A brisk canter across the park land this glorious morning and I shall feel as well as ever."

"I've not the least doubt of it; at the same time, I'm not going to run any risks. You alarmed me terribly last night; I insist upon the doctor seeing you. And one other thing, Matthew. I really do protest against your unbusinesslike—indeed, I call it absolutely unkind and unreasonable delay, in the matter of your will. Good Heavens! suppose anything really were to happen—and it's the unexpected that does!"

"Even then you are amply provided for by our marriage settlement," he said, his mood changing to testiness.

"Thank you very much," she said, "seeeing that the trust funds consist entirely of my own money, all that you brought in being a few policies on your life."

"But I'm not going to die just yet."

"You've been saying that ever since our marriage. But I have made up my mind to tolerate no further procrastination. Consider the position. If you died without exercising by will or deed your power of appointment to the Jerningham estates, according to the terms of the family settlements they would pass to your second cousin, Diana Jerningham—a girl whom you have never even seen—and I should be compelled to give up the Manor House, and, if I chose, shut myself up in that gloomy, dilapidated old Dower House. I call it cruel on your part to neglect your duty."

Mrs. Jerningham meant carrying her point that day. It was the only matter in which she had failed to rule her husband, but, as she reflected, it was the most important one.

Accordingly, she dispatched a groom to Bayminster with a note, requesting Stephen Jerrold, her husband's solicitor, to come over that afternoon to take instructions with reference to his will.

Meanwhile, Matthew Jerningham strode on to the Terrace, took the reins from the stable lad and set his mount going at a hand canter across the pleasant grassland.

He felt rather glad his wife had sent for Dr. Forsyth; that leap at the heart was a rather novel, and by no means pleasant, sensation. But a good gallop would set him right.

Certainly, when, an hour or so later, he returned from his gallop over the springy grass, with the flush of the wind upon his always florid cheek, and a sparkle in his brown-black eyes, he seemed little enough in need of a doctor. Upstanding and straight as a dart, some six feet in his stockings, his dark hair scarcely tinged with grey, Matt Jerningham at fifty years looked haler, heartier, and younger than many a man of forty.

"By Jove! what on earth do you mean by sending for me?" laughed Dr. Forsyth, gripping his hand in the hall, "you look as fit as a four-year-old," and his greeting was as sincere as it was cheery. Matthew Jerningham, dismounting from his horse after that breezy gallop, looked the picture of health and vigour—at first glance. But as the flush of open-air exercise died away from the highly coloured cheeks, Forsyth's keen eyes began to note with some concern a faint bluish tinge of the lips, and a strange shade under the eyes! He noted too that the shapely aquiline nose was a trifle pinched just above the nostrils, and he wasted no time getting to his examination.

"Tut, tut, man, you're as fussy as Mrs. Jerningham," the patient half grumbled, half laughed, when the doctor, after taking his pulse and temperature, requested him to strip, and produced his stethoscope.

Tap! tap! with his knuckles he hammered at collar-bone, shoulder-blades and ribs, particularly the left ribs. Then his manner changed, and he listened with a quietness that somehow communicated itself to the patient.

"Anything wrong, Forsyth?" the latter asked.

"Nothing to be alarmed at," replied the doctor cheerfully. "Only you must be careful to avoid any excitement or exertion of any kind; smoke sparingly. For the rest, go on pretty well as usual, and—you'll be all right—yes, you'll be all right—I hope so."

But the off-hand tone was a trifle laboured; and when the doctor left him to see his wife, Matthew Jerningham knew that the diagnosis had been far from reassuring. The grave look on the clean-shaven face and in the keen grey eyes, told Mr. Jerningham more than many words.

"Dr. Forsyth, tell me, is it anything serious?" Mrs. Jerningham asked.

"It may be serious if care is not taken. Above all things, keep him quiet. I shall call in Sir Crawford Glyn."

"Sir Crawford Glyn! the heart specialist? Then you consider my husband's condition serious?"

"Well, let us say critical. There is no need for alarm, except in the case of a sudden exertion or shock. In that event I wouldn't answer for the consequences."

Before Forsyth left in his car to fix by wire a consultation with Sir Crawford, he remarked to Mrs. Jerningham—

"By-the-bye, would you like a trained nurse wired for?"

"Yes, please," was the reply. "You know what a poor creature I am. The least thing knocks me up, and with the workmen in the house, too, and I have such a horror of a sick-room; besides, if anything were to happen, I could not take any responsibility."

"God made her, so let her pass for—a woman," growled Dick Forsyth. Setting his car going, he whizzed away to the telegraph-office and dispatched two wires, one to the St. Deniol's Training Institute, the other to Sir Crawford Glyn, in Harley Street.

The latter wired in reply that he would meet Dr. Forsyth at Jerningham Manor House that afternoon at four o'clock; from St. Deniol's came a wire—

"Nurse Sylvain will arrive two-forty-five."

CHAPTER II.

In his library, Matthew Jerningham sat alone with his thoughts, his memories, and his dreams. Strange it was, how that last night's dream haunted him awake. Strange how, on this day of all days, those words rang in his brain from across the ocean and across the bygone years—"God will smite you!"

What he had done long since had never seemed so black as now. Never had it seemed so imperative that the wrong he had wrought should be undone. That voice that had called to him in the night, what warning had it uttered? He felt like Belshazzar with the writing facing him upon the wall.

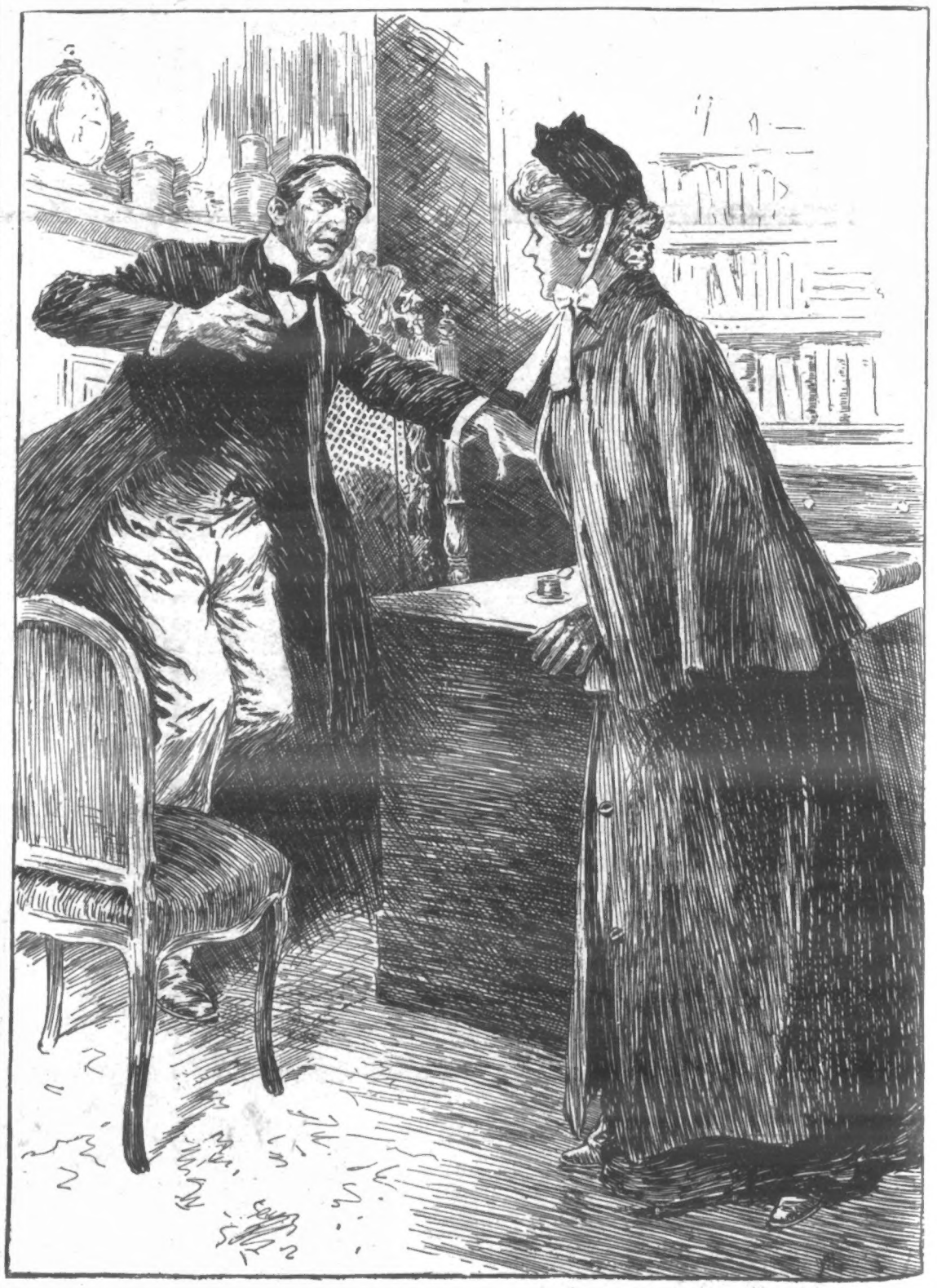
His wife had let out at luncheon that Forsyth was calling in Sir Crawford Glyn: that was proof positive his case was serious. Suppone anything happened!—that which some day, at some hour, must happen—suppose to-day were the appointed day!

"God will smite you!" That voice, that awful voice of agony, rang in his ears, only now all its agony was in his heart. If he could only undo the wrong, the wrong to her, and to—the other, his child.

And Jerrold the lawyer was coming that afternoon, at his wife's call, so that he might, in time, render her justice too, that she who had so much might yet have more.

Yes; there in the Book which he had almost involuntarily taken from the shelf, it was written: "Unto him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath"; and for "him" Matthew Jerningham was reading "her."

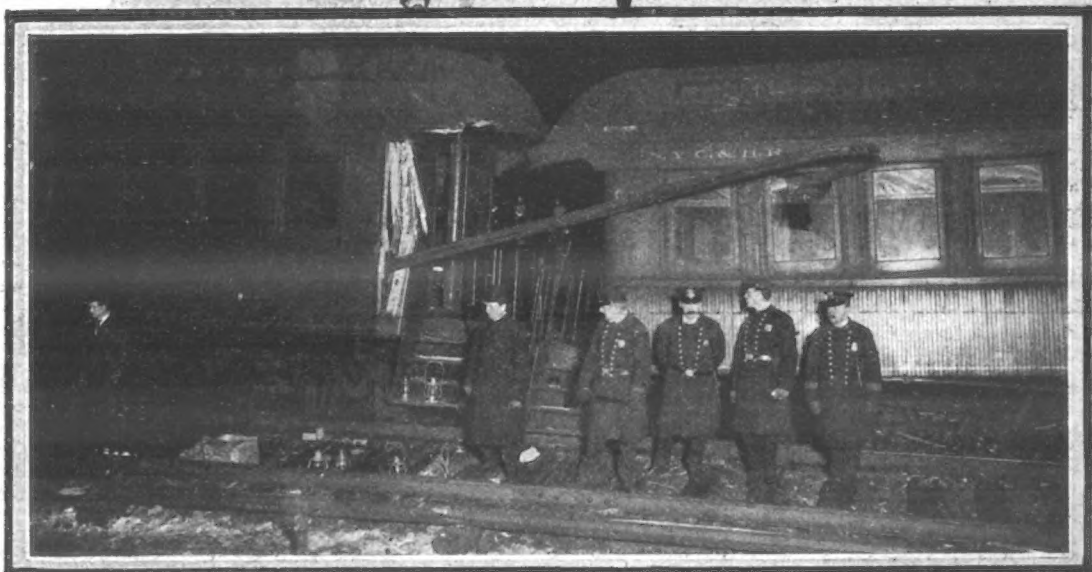
(*Continued on Page 157.*)



"My God!" he cried, then, with an awful gurgling sound, crashed to the floor.

DON'T LOOK OLD.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

TRAIN DANGERS UNDER-GROUND



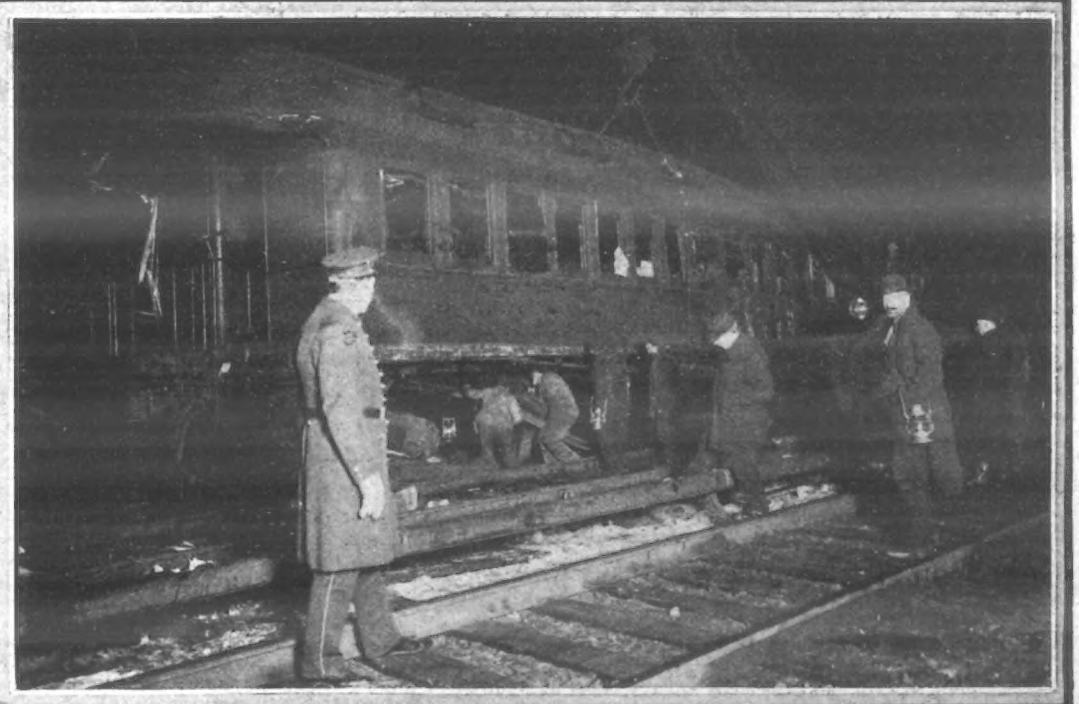
① Smash on the New York Central Railway.

② After the wreck - before the cars were righted.

③ Showing "3rd rail" driven clean through two cars.

④ The "break-down" gang at work.

-HARRY·LANE



Photos. Illustrations Bureau.

THE SMASH ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

WALES followed up their victory over Ireland by defeating Scotland at Wrexham last Monday. The margin in their favour was only one goal, and this was scored in the last minute. One must praise them for their pluck, but, at the same time, Scotland are to be commiserated with on account of their luck, which was execrable. The combination of the Scots was far in advance of that of Wales, but the latter's centre-forward, H. Morgan-Owen, fell lame soon after the start, and was of very little use subsequently. At half-back, too, the Scots were immeasurably superior, while in goal and at full-back there was not much to choose, though Sharp was the best back on the field.

Over 50,000 people saw the English and Scottish Inter-League match at Glasgow on Saturday, the gate receipts amounting to £1177. What the Scottish International team lacked on Monday, the Scottish League team got on Saturday—namely, luck. All through the first half there was only one side in it, and that was not the Scots. Shots at at all angles were sent in at Muir, but he kept goal superbly, and half-time came with no score. In the second half the Scottish improved, but still the visitors were the better. But no goals came, and the game was left drawn.

Woolwich Arsenal appear to have lost all chance of securing the League championship, and it is difficult to believe that theirs is the same team that did so brilliantly earlier in the season. Latterly they have displayed a particular ineptitude when near goal, and it has been really painful to watch their crude efforts to score. Against Sheffield United last Saturday their shooting was unworthy of a second-rate side.

It will probably be advanced in excuse for their one goal to nil reverse that they had three of their regular players away. Coleman, Sharp, and Garbutt were absent, but that cannot account for a defeat which should have been a victory. The absent ones were worthily represented by Ducat, Cross, and Bellamy, in the order given. The real reason can only be attributed to the fact that the Arsenal have struck another bad patch, for in their last few matches they have played much below their proper form.

Middlesborough, unlike the Arsenal, have improved out of all knowledge. It had almost become a byword that the Teesiders had thrown their money away on their forward line. Though at the time I disapproved of the methods adopted by the North Yorkshire club to save them from relegation to the Second Division, I never questioned that they had secured the right material, and it is now bearing good fruit. Last Saturday they beat Aston Villa by one goal to nil.

Everton continue to do well, their latest victims being Bolton Wanderers, whom they defeated at Goodison Park by one goal to nil. By the way, the Cup-holders are due to meet the Crystal Palace at Sydenham in the Fourth Round to-morrow, and they made a rather tempting offer to the conquerors of Newcastle United to play the tie at Liverpool. The figure is stated to have been £600, but Mr. Robson, the manager of the Palace club, is too clever at his game to listen to any offer to play the match on foreign soil. The Palace are sure to get as much as the sum offered, and will have a better chance of winning.

Quite the most astounding result in the League matches last Saturday was the victory of Notts County over Sheffield Wednesday at Owlerton. The victory was gained by three goals to one. Blackburn Rovers did well by beating Derby County on the Baseball Ground, but it was only by the odd goal in five, and Bristol City's victorious career received a check at Gigg Lane, where Bury drew with them at one goal each. Sunderland proved too good for Stoke by three goals to one, and Manchester City had the best of Liverpool by a solitary goal. The matches between Manchester United and Birmingham, and Preston North End and Newcastle United, resulted in drawn games at 1—1 and 2—2 respectively.

On Monday the last-named club had to thank Sheffield United for a good turn, for the latter by beating Everton by four goals to one, established the Tynesiders five points in front. Of course, the position may be retrieved, but in the absence of a bad set-back for the leaders, they look like finishing on top when the curtain drops.

Chelsea had a temporary disappointment in their match with Grimsby Town, who beat them by two goals to one, but they recovered their lost ground by a two to nil victory over Stockport County on Monday. At Lincoln the city club inflicted a bad beating on Clapton Orient by three goals to nil, and Notts Forest defeated Gainsborough Trinity by three to one, a result which temporarily brought the Foresters on an equality with Chelsea.

In the Southern League, Fulham got the better of Plymouth Argyle by two goals to nil, and West Ham did splendidly by defeating Portsmouth by three clear goals, a victory well worked for and thoroughly deserved. Tottenham Hotspur and Leyton played a goal-less draw, but Brighton and Hove accomplished a really fine performance by beating Queen's Park Rangers by two goals to nil at Park Royal. Another good win was that of Luton, who, on their own ground, proved too good for the Crystal Palace by two goals to one; but the latter were not at full strength, Wallace and Ryan being notable absentees.

Southampton and New Brompton divided the points on the former's ground, and a similar result attended the game between Bristol Rovers and Watford. Brentford paid a visit to Norwich, and here again the points were halved. In the other matches, Reading beat unlucky Northampton by three goals to one, and Millwall, by scoring two goals to nil against Swindon, spoiled the latter's remarkable ground record.

Let me ask my readers not to neglect the Sheriff of London Shield Match at Fulham to-morrow. If they would rather go to the Palace, then a trifle should be forwarded to Mr. H. W. Hewitt, who has worked very hard to make the match between the Corinthians and Newcastle United a success.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

The great event of the winter athletic season — the National Cross-Country Championship — was duly decided at Colwall Park last Saturday. That is to say, over the racecourse and the surrounding country. The entry was a representative one, and the race furnished one of the most interesting contests since its inception. The first man to pass the judges was George Pearce, of the Highgate Harriers, and everybody who appreciates a really genuine runner will congratulate him upon securing national honours for the first time. Last year he was beaten by C. J. Straw, but the latter was not competing this, and Pearce won without much difficulty in 55 min. 53 sec.

His club were not so fortunate, as they had to put up with second position in the placings. The winning club was the Birchfield Harriers, who have evidently not forgotten the lessons of years ago, when they learnt to pack and win their championship races almost entirely through their combination. The first man of their team was A. Underwood, who finished third, J. E. Deakin, Herne Hill Harriers, separating him from the winner.

After the race, the English team for the International Cross-Country Championship, to be run at Glasgow on March 23, was chosen. The representatives of the "rose" will be G. Pearce, J. E. Deakin, A. Underwood, W. G. Dunkley, E. V. Loney, H. Bennion, W. Birtles, J. Price, W. H. Day, H. S. Pullenger, S. Welding, and W. Hulse. The reserves are A. Ashby, W. H. Brooks, H. Sewell, and J. Murphy.

In the Welsh Cross-Country Championship, held at Caerleon, the Newport Harriers again won the premier honours, and T. Arthurs, of the winning club, also repeated his victory of last year. Price, of the same club, was second, and the third position was occupied by O'Donnell (Barry). The latter club were second, on points, and Roath third.

The Ranelagh Harriers raced for the Clutton Cup, a handicap over a distance of ten miles. The event had been twice postponed on account of frost, and true to tradition, it lost a lot of interest in consequence. There were only twelve competitors, and the result was a win for C. S. Thompson, whose start was 12 min. 30 sec. W. Hastings was second and F. Church third.

The Thames Hare and Hounds had a match over seven-and-a-half miles with Harrow School. H. C. Hawtrey was first man home, and A. J. Boyd was his runner-up. Then came E. G. Lilley of the winning club, the score being 22 points to 33 against the school. The Crouch End Harriers held a five miles handicap at Highgate, the winner being W. Simpkins. The Tooting Athletic Club decided their ten miles' championship from headquarters. A. E. Blunden was the winner, L. W. Fisher finished second, and H. B. Keartland third.

The Universities are getting busy, and good sport may be looked for when the "battle of the Blues" is decided. In the twin brothers, C. M. and N. G. Chavasse, sons of the Bishop of Liverpool, the Dark Blues have a couple of sprinters rather above the ordinary. P. M. Young is jumping well, and the other day got very near to 22 ft. They have a good miler in A. F. Hallowes, who recently did 4 min. 29 sec., and A. M. Stevens threw the hammer the respectable distance of 130 ft. 8 in.

The Chavasses stood out prominently on Monday, when "N. G." won from his brother by six inches in the 100 yards. But he did not turn out for the quarter-mile owing to a strain, and that event went to C. M. Chavasse, who defeated the American, W. L. James, in 51 sec. The high jump was taken by P. M. Young at 5 ft. 7¼ in.; the 120 yards hurdles by E. R. J. Hussey in 16 4-5 sec.; the weight event by A. B. Sale, who "put" 36 ft. 3½ in.; and the three miles by N. F. Hallows in 15 min. 21 4-5 sec.

All the Oxford performances were overshadowed by the feat of the Cambridge president on Monday, for K. Powell set up a fresh record in the hurdles, which event he won by a yard inside 16 sec., the previous best having been 16 sec. "dead" by Shaw and Paget-Tomlinson. In the high jump W. H. Dunnett did 5 ft. 6 in.; and A. Petrie put the weight 37 ft. 2 in.

HOCKEY.

Two surprises were forthcoming in the hockey games last Saturday, the chief being the draw made by Scotland with Ireland, and the other the remarkable victory, by four goals to nil, of Southgate over Staines. Scotland had little hope of victory, as they have never been able to hold their own with the Irishmen, who had in previous games scored twenty-nine goals to two. But they played splendidly, and in the end had the satisfaction of drawing at three goals each. England, of course, beat Wales, the margin in favour of the "Rose" amounting to no less than six goals to nil. And neither Shoveller nor Green was playing! Both these famous forwards have been selected to do duty against France at Beckenham to-morrow (Saturday) and the Frenchmen have small chance of winning, or even drawing, for their combination is crude.

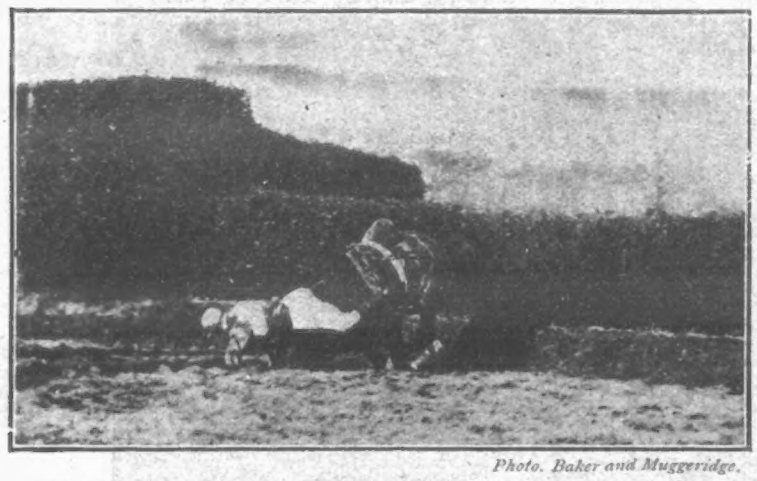


Photo. Baker and Muggeridge.

GRAND MILITARY MEETING AT SANDOWN PARK.

Mr. Burnyeats' Ralenta falls at the last fence.

FULHAM v. PLYMOUTH ARGYLL.

Fulham pressing in front of goal just before they scored.

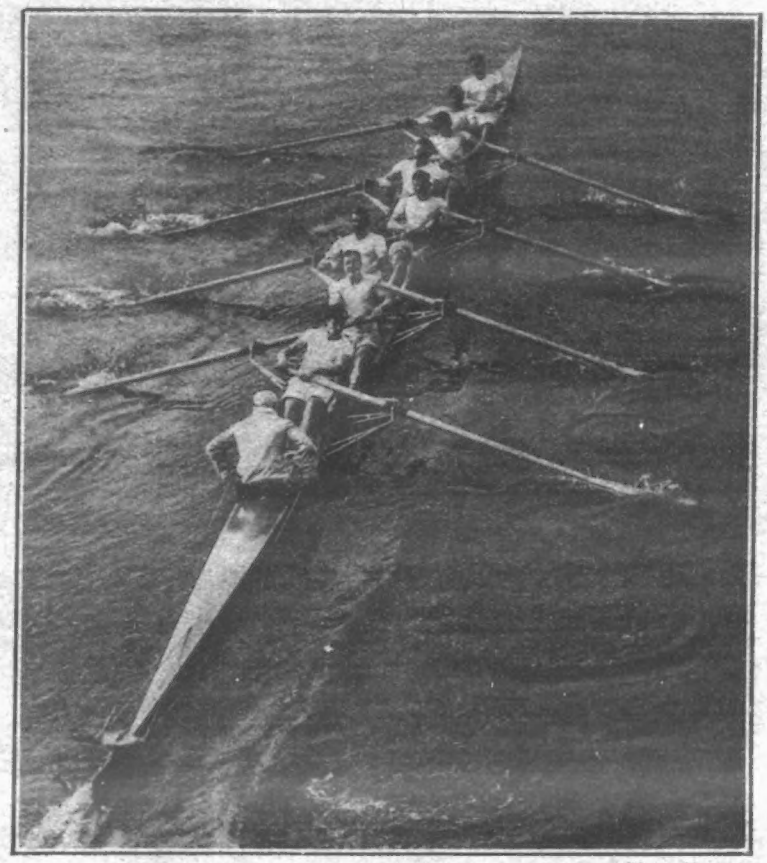


Photo. Topical.

CAMBRIDGE CREW DOING THE FULL COURSE FROM PUTNEY.

Last week Cambridge rowed the full boat-race course. Their form was not over-satisfactory, but the time was good—namely, 19 min. 29 sec. Our photograph was taken from Hammersmith Bridge.

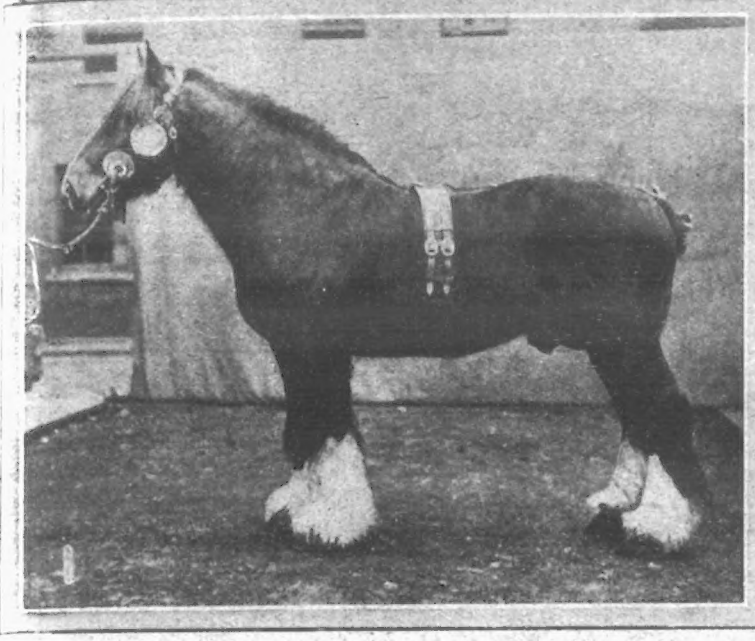
WOOLWICH ARSENAL v. SHEFFIELD UNITED.

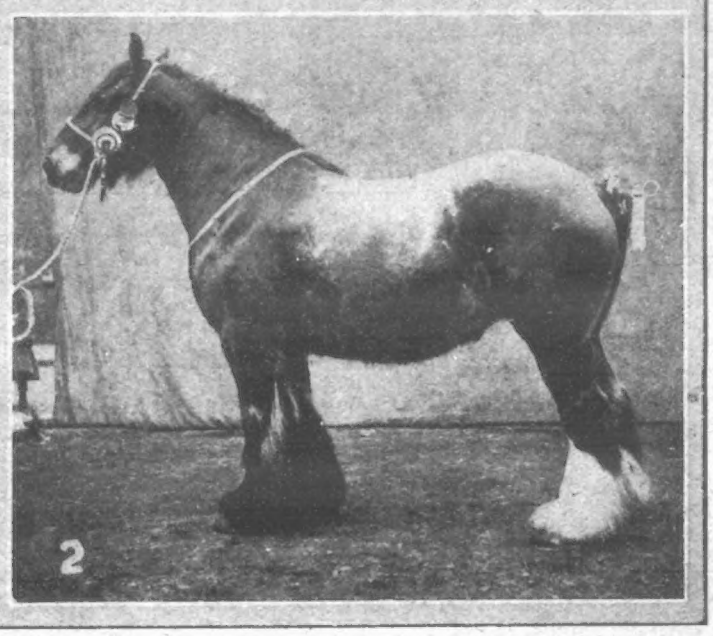
Sheffield appealing for "Off-side."

NOTICE. — *In future all Editorial Communications for "P. I. P." must be addressed to: 172, Strand, London, W.C.*

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED
Woman's Exhibition, London, 1900.
75 YEARS Established Reputation.
Neave's Food
"Very carefully prepared and highly nutritious."—*Lancet.*
"An excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons, and being rich in Phosphates and Potash is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."—Sir Chas. A. Cameron, C.B., M.D., *Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.*
. . For . .
INFANTS, CHILDREN, INVALIDS, and the AGED.
Purveyors by Special Appointment to
H.I.M. THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

The Shire Horse Show





TURNER AGAIN IN COURT.

HORACE GEORGE TURNER, the accused in the Whiteley tragedy, appeared for the third time in the Marylebone Court on Tuesday morning.

There was a hush in the crowded Court as Turner stepped briskly into the dock. He bowed respectfully to the magistrate, Mr. Paul Taylor, and then alternately resting his arms upon the iron rail and folding them behind him, he listened to the evidence against him. After a short time he sat down.

Mr. Tom Browning, with whom Rayner once lodged in Highgate Road, was recalled, and asked some questions by the prisoner's solicitor, Mr. Pierron, with regard to what he knew of Rayner's financial embarrassments.

"Did he appear hard up?"—"Yes, during the latter part of the time."

"Was he at all depressed?"—"Yes; he was rather downhearted at times."

Just before Christmas witness saw him last. Then he mentioned he was living at Rowton House.

"I haven't got a brass farthing," was one of the things he said.

Witness knew that prisoner could not keep up the payments for the loan of his furniture, and that in consequence of this furniture firms had threatened to sue him.

James H. Simmonds, an assistant buyer at Messrs. Whiteley's, Limited, Westbourne Grove, said that on Jan. 24, shortly after one p.m., he saw Mr. Whiteley standing near the centre counter, with his back to the office. Prisoner was facing, some five feet away.

Witness did not hear any conversation, but saw Mr. Whiteley clench his hands to his side, and then put them up as if motioning someone away.

Prisoner raised his hand to the level of Mr. Whiteley's head, but witness could not see what was in his hand. Then followed two reports, one immediately after the other.

After the second shot Mr. Whiteley fell to his knees, and witness saw the prisoner turn the revolver to his own head and fire, falling close to Mr. Whiteley.

Sir George Lewis, asked whether he had acted for Mr. Whiteley in the matter of Miss Turner, said:

"I decline to answer."

Pressed, he still declined to answer, but said he had done nothing which affected the prisoner directly or indirectly.

Prisoner, who pleaded "not guilty" and reserved his defence, was committed for trial.

The Dutch Boom.

A few years ago it started—little Dutch boys in baggy trousers and wooden sabots appeared in the shop-windows, boys made of china or pictured on postcards. These models and pictures caught the public taste. There came a craze for all things Dutch. Now the real sabots have invaded London, and threaten to become popular. They hang in the shop-windows, suspended by ribbons and labelled "Dutch Sabots for English Feet." A pair of sabots has become the latest fancy with the girl with a trim pair of ankles, and "sabot tea-parties," with Dutch costume and Dutch songs, are beginning to enliven the suburban home.

The theatre and the music-hall have taken up the Dutch boom. "Miss Hook of Holland" is enjoying success at the Apollo, and at half-a-dozen halls in London and dozens throughout the country "Dutch" songs are the order of the day.

Miss Annie Purcell and Miss Madge Lessing were both singing them at the Tivoli last week, and this week the Oxford Music-Hall has "the eight stars of Holland," who sing and dance in national dress, amid Dutch scenery.

The latest feature of the Dutch "boom" is in picture postcards and newspaper advertisement pictures after the pattern of the old Dutch tile.

1. LORD ROTHSCHILD'S CHAMPION STALLION, BIRDSALL MENESTRAL. 2. MESSRS. FORSHAW'S CHAMPION MARE, STOLEN DUCHESS. 3. POSING FOR THE CAMERA. 4. SHOW HORSES GOING HOME FROM THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.

PEARCE (MARKED BY A CROSS), THE WINNER OF THE NATIONAL CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP.

Electric Beams in War.

The report of Sir John French on the experiments carried out by the Aldershot troops last year with electric-lights for the field movements and attack states that there is much to learn before these lights can be used to full advantage. Further trials will take place.

The equipment consists of a power wagon and another wagon carrying the beam-projector and cable. At 3000 yards the width and height of the direct beam is 150 yards, and a large "dispersed" beam is 500 yards wide at 1000 yards distance.

An important use for the lights is that when a daylight attack is overtaken by darkness before it can be completed, the assault can go on to finality under the beams.

French Fishing Pirates.

The Plymouth fishing boat *Shamrock* had her nets cut away by a French trawler twelve miles off the Start on Sunday night.

The weather was fine and clear, and the *Shamrock* showed a flare for more than half-an-hour. The name or number of the French boat could not be distinguished.

Alarming Train Incident.

A Great Northern passenger train, travelling to London, had a narrow escape from a serious accident on Monday.

As the train was approaching Harston, Cambridgeshire, the driver noticed that the rear cars were jerking and bumping. He pulled up, and an examination showed that the front part of a brake had become detached from its wheels, and was dragging on the permanent way, ploughing it up.

The passengers had to alight, and were detained for an hour until matters had been put right.

What the Nations Drink.

"The British drink more tea than any other European nation," says *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, "but our thirst for beer does not equal that of the Germans. As consumers of coffee we are also beaten by our cousins in the United States. As for our demand for wine we are, of course, easily outdistanced by France, the inhabitants of which account for over thirty-four gallons per head, on an average, during the course of every twelve months."

TO WEAK, OVER-FAT PERSONS.

There is health and strength in every dose of Antipon, the great tonic remedy for the

Permanent Cure of Obesity.

Every dose is a step in the direction of renewed beauty of form, physical and mental energy, and bodily ease and comfort. Every dose increases the chances of long life; for it should never be lost sight of that obesity—a disease in itself—is the harbinger of many other diseases. Centuries ago Hippocrates uttered this simple truth. Neglected obesity has wrought more harm than is generally supposed. On the other hand, there are remedies (so called) which are more harmful than the disease they are supposed to cure—remedies that are a baneful legacy of a less-enlightened age—remedies that ruin the already weakened system by starvation and drugging, sweating and cathartics, and leave the unfortunate victim an emaciated and despondent wreck. It stands to reason that

The Vital Forces

must be sustained by adequate nourishment, whatever be the condition of the body. As well try to keep up a fire without sufficient fuel as expect vitality to be maintained without a proper amount of food. This, then, is the principle on which the Antipon treatment is based—viz., that while the superfluous and diseased fatty matter is being absorbed and eliminated from every part of the body, the *tendency to excessive fat development must also be destroyed* in order that the subject may increase, if necessary, his (or her) supply of good, nourishing, blood-forming, muscle-developing food without fear lest this extra supply of nourishment should "run to fat" again. This is what Antipon infallibly does, and this is what differentiates the Antipon treatment from the old-time methods of reducing weight. Now,

Antipon is a Grand Tonic,

as well as a matchless fat-absorbent. It promotes a healthy, natural appetite, gives tone to the whole alimentary tract, perfecting the processes of digestion, assimilation, and nutrition. That, as briefly as possible, is the entire Antipon treatment, and is the secret of its

Enormous Success.

Thousands of persons have voluntarily testified to the wonderful weight-reducing and strengthening, revitalising powers of Antipon. Their grateful letters may be seen by any interested person at the office of the Antipon Company. The testimony is absolutely conclusive; there is no room left for scepticism. Antipon, simple and harmless in every way, is perfection. Every competent authority now recognises it as "the standard remedy for the Permanent Cure of Corpulence."

Weight-reducing Extraordinary.

Those who commence the Antipon treatment are strongly advised to use the daily weighing-machine test. They will be amazed at the rapidity of the reduction. Within a day and night of the first dose the scales will prove a decrease of 8oz. to 3lb., according to degree of obesity and other individual conditions. Following this, there is a satisfactory daily reduction until the full attainment of correct weight for height, and graceful, natural proportions. The doses may then cease, as the cure—as we have already proved—is complete and lasting. It is indeed, altogether a

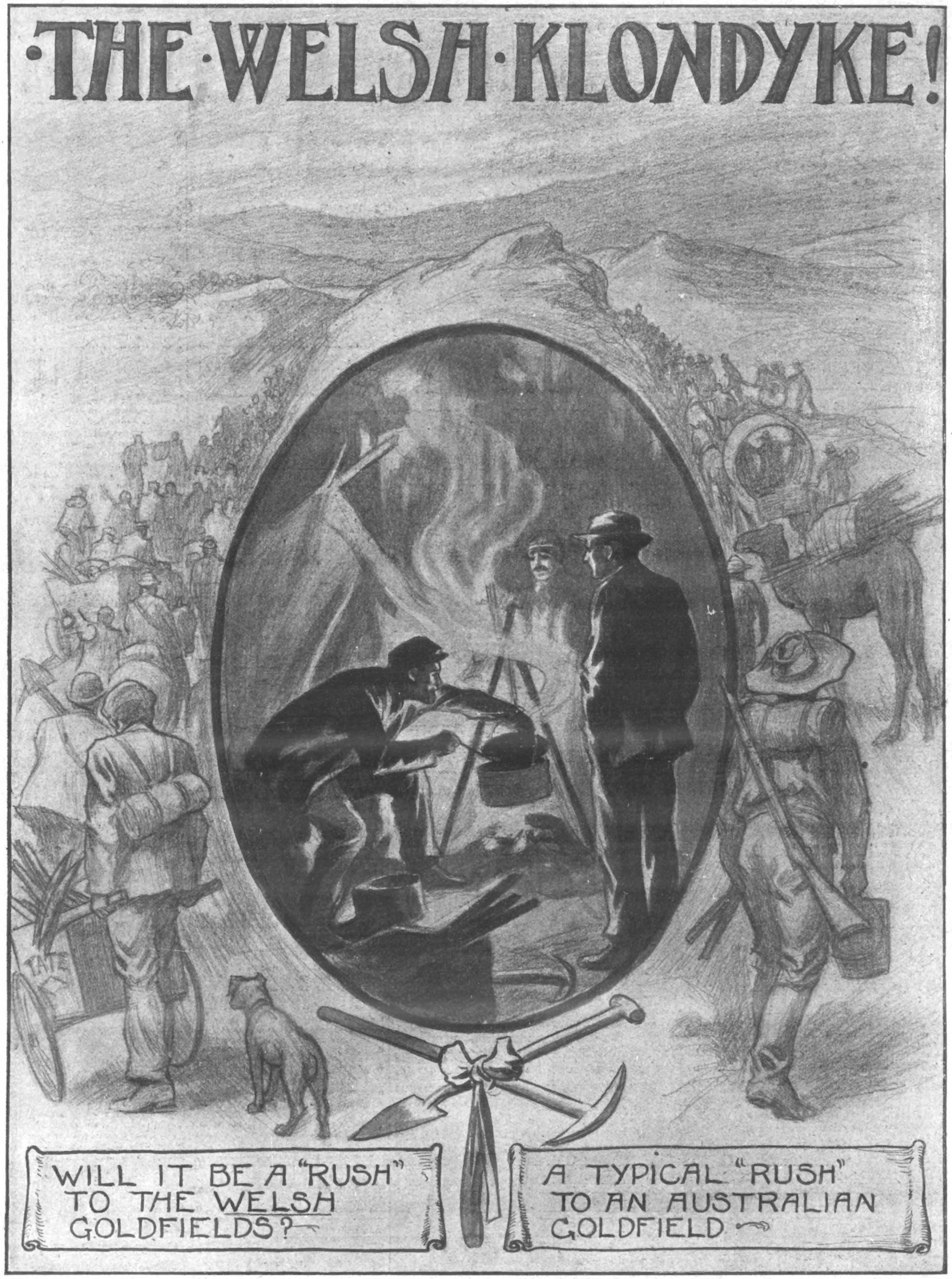
Marvellous Metamorphosis,

both as regards beauty and health, and to many who have suffered years of ill-health and depression through excessive stoutness Antipon has come as a veritable "elixir of Life."

Antipon is a palatable liquid, refreshingly tart. It contains only vegetable ingredients of guaranteed purity and absolute harmlessness; is neither laxative nor cathartic, and never brings about any uncomfortable after-effects. The admirable Antipon treatment may be followed in strict privacy.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. by Chemists, Stores, &c.; or, in case of difficulty, may be obtained (on remitting amount), post free in private package, direct from the Sole Manufacturers, The Antipon Company, 13, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

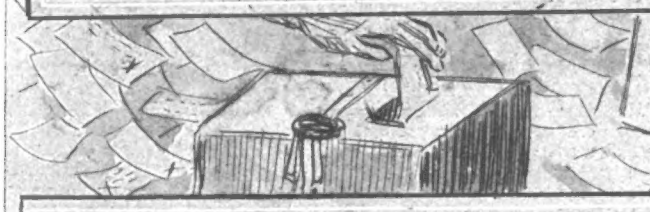
THE WELSH KLONDYKE!

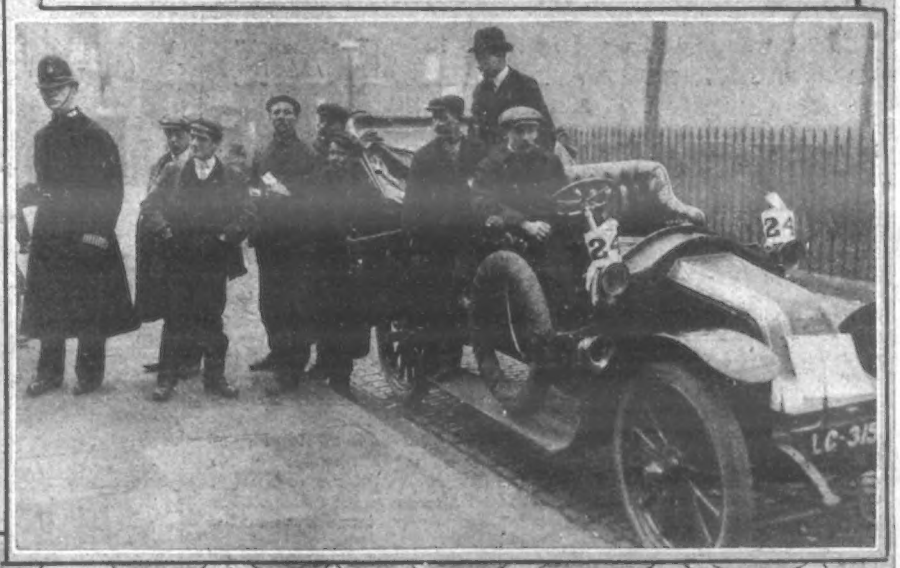


A GOLD REEF IN WALES.

Gold and platinum have been discovered in Wales, and it is stated that the mining rights have been acquired by a firm in Cardiff. They are guarding their secret closely, evidently fearing a rush to the "fields." It was a Cornish miner who first made the discovery, and the specimens of ore found by him are rich in the precious metal, and in the still more valuable platinum.

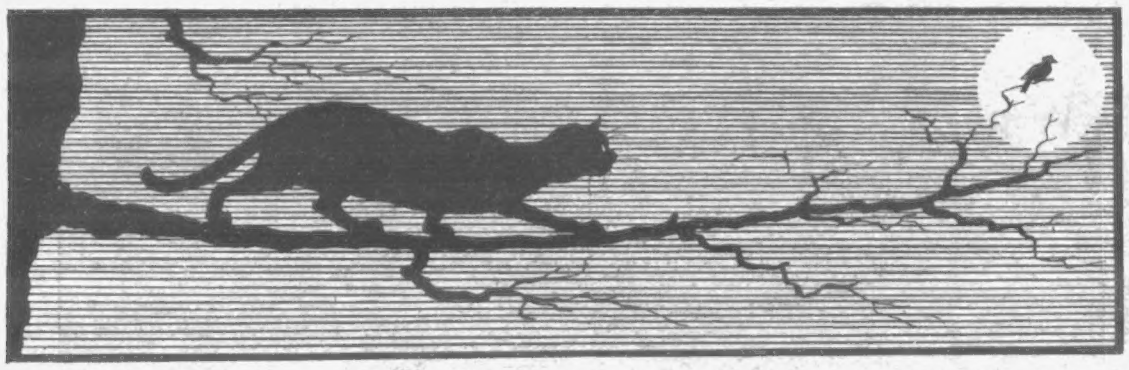
LONDON'S ELECTION CAUGHT BY the CAMERA





Photos. Halftones and Illustrations Bureau.

Our photographs show scenes at the London County Council election last Saturday. On the top (left) Mr. George Alexander, the well-known actor, conversing with a publican; on the right Mr. Strauss, M.P., playing peg-tops with the sons of electors. At the bottom a picture of a Progressive picket outside Mr. George Alexander's committee-room. The two smaller pictures show electors starting in state for the poll.



HUMOURS OF THE WEEK.

Generosity.

A STYLISHLY-DRESSED lady sat for two hours in the bedroom of a sick old woman, asking her many questions about her complaint, and managing, in her short-sighted zeal, to worry the poor invalid to the verge of exhaustion.

When she finally rose to depart, her daintily-gloved hand strayed to her pocket.

"And now, my good woman," she said, smiling sweetly, "I wonder if you could eat a few oysters?"

The invalid eagerly expressed willingness to try.

"Then get yourself some, dear," said my lady, placing a card on the bed. "If you send to the address on that card, and mention my name, they will sell you oysters at a halfpenny a dozen less than any other shop in town."

An Improvement.

"I'd like to know," demanded the irate passenger, "why you don't give better service on this line? Here I am forty minutes late this morning!"

"We are giving better service," retorted the station-master. "Last month this train was always fifty minutes late."

THE ARGUMENT.

DR. LONG: "Surely you are splitting hairs, Professor!" PROFESSOR SHORTE: "No, I am merely stating the bald facts."

Rivals.

"What's the matter across the way?" asked the tailor of a bystander, as the ambulance backed up to the door of his rival.

"A customer fell in a fit, and they are taking him to the hospital," was the reply.

"That's strange," said the tailor; "I never knew a customer to get a fit in that establishment before!"

Smart Child.

"Mamma," said six-year-old James, "when I have any sweets I always like to share them with you."

"I am glad to know you are not selfish," replied his mother. "But why do you like to share them with me instead of with anyone else?"

"'Cause," answered the young diplomatist, "you always take them, thank me, and then give them back."

The Driver Wept!

The coolest thing that has happened for some time occurred a few days ago in a provincial suburb.

The electric-car system has just been installed there, and the drivers and guards go about their work with a great air of dignity. This accentuated the audacity of a certain workman who was wending his way homeward, carrying his kit.

As a car approached in all its glory of a fresh coat of varnish, he held up his hand, and the car drew up smartly. But the man did not get aboard. He had a tobacco-pipe in one hand and a match in the other.

He coolly struck the match on the side of the car, and said to the driver, between puffs, "All right (puff)—governor, you—can—go on!"

Needed in Every Home.

When he reached home he opened the package he was carrying and displayed a number of placards, some of which read "For Show," and others "For Use."

"There!" he exclaimed triumphantly, "I flatter myself I have solved the problem."

"Solved the problem?" she repeated. "What problem? What in the world do you intend to do with those cards?"

"I am going to give them to you," he replied, "so that you can put them on the various cushions scattered about the house."

Profitable.

"I have often wondered," remarked the sad-looking man, dropping a penny in the slot, "where the profit on these machines——"

Here he grasped the handle.

"Where the profit on these machines——"

Here he shook the machine.

"I have often wondered, I say, where the profit——"

Here he shook the machine again.

"Where the profit comes in. Hang the thing! It seems to be clogged this time. Nothing happens!"

"Well," said his friend, "do you begin to see where the profit comes in?"

Too Smart.

It was at a sale of stock, and a very young auctioneer presided. In response to his really eloquent pleadings, the bids for the horse he was selling slowly rose. At length a quiet-looking little man made a bid of eleven guineas and a half.

"Eleven guineas and a half," said the auctioneer, scornfully. "What, only eleven and a half guineas for this magnificent cob? Gentlemen, gentlemen, aren't you to be tempted?"

"Well, I don't mind givin' you twelve pound, Mister," said the little man after a pause.

"Thank you—going at twelve pounds. Going—gone!"

The hammer fell, after which the smart young auctioneer was at a loss to account for the laugh which arose, and it took some time to convince him that he had been taken down eighteenpence.

Deaf and Dumb.

Old Lady (to small boy with a "Deaf and Dumb" board by his side): "Is it you who are deaf and dumb, little boy?"

Small Boy: "No, Mum, it's father: but I'm minding his place for him jist now."

Benevolent Old Lady: "Where is he, then? In the public-house?"

Little Boy: "Oh, no; he is selling evening papers and calling out the winners."

Engaged.

A young lady had been for nearly a year trying to get an interview with the manager of a well-known theatre. When at last her hopes were realised, and she was shown into the manager's private office, he received her in a most cordial manner, and offered her a chair.

"Thank you," she said, gratefully, "I think I will sit down. I have been just over ten months getting here, and I'm a little tired."

And the manager, who has a sense of humour, promptly engaged her

Crushed.

Professor: "What is the dose of croton oil?"

Student (in a hurry): "One teaspoonful."

The professor makes no comment, but the student feels he has not answered correctly.

Student (fifteen minutes later): "I want to change my answer to that question."

Professor (looking at his watch): "It is too late. Your patient has been dead fourteen minutes."

On a Higher Level.

"You objected to Jack because he had to work for a living—didn't you, Mamma?"

"Yes, my dear. He doesn't belong to our class."

"Well, it's all right now. May he call to-night?"

"Has someone left him a fortune?"

"No; but he's lost his situation."

How it Happened.

"May," said a certain little girl's mamma, "there were two pieces of cake in the pantry, and now there is only one. How did it happen?"

"Well," said the child, her eyes wide open with excitement, "it was so dark in there I didn't see the other piece."

MODERN SCIENCE.

NERVOUS OLD LADY: "Now, cabman, I hope you are perfectly sober?"

CANDID CABBY: "Well, Mum, the taximeter is, at all events"

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

"The New Aladdin."

MR. EDMUND PAYNE is back again at the Gaiety, and "The New Aladdin" is therefore quite itself again. Miss Gaby d'Elys, assisted by a Japanese dancer, has a new "Jiu-jitsu" song and dance. Miss d'Elys is one of the daintiest figures on the London stage just now. It is rumoured that the next piece to be produced at the Gaiety Theatre will be written by Mr. George Grossmith junior, and composed by Mr. Ivan Caryll. It will be upon a German subject, the scenes are laid in Germany, and the characters also belong to that nationality.

The King as a Playgoer.

King Edward and the Royal Family have been patronising the theatres to an unusual extent since the beginning of the year. His Majesty, who has always been particularly interested in the French theatre, has seen the French plays at the New Royalty on four occasions since Jan. 1, and during his stay in Paris he went to the play almost every night. On an average King Edward goes to the West End theatres about fifteen times during the theatrical season, which ranges from August to the end of the following July. This is generous support, by which the theatre benefits both from a social and a business point of view.

Between the Acts.

The arrangements for a royal visit to the play are made through Mr. George Ashton, the theatrical agent (says a writer in the *Daily Express*), whose advice as to the plays to see is very generally followed. A box is purchased in the usual manner. Except in the case of a charity performance, it is contrary to etiquette for a manager to announce beforehand that their Majesties intend to patronise his theatre. If the box which Mr. Ashton requires for the King has been sold, the purchaser is politely requested to surrender it to his Majesty, which he always does with loyal good feeling. Most of the West-End theatres have little withdrawing rooms attached to the royal box. At the Opera there is a special smoking-room as well, for the King's use between the acts.

Command Performances.

Royal command performances, too, have been very numerous of late years. Among those who have played before the King and Queen at Windsor or Sandringham before or since their Accession are the late Sir Henry Irving (several times), Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. John Hare, Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Ellaline Terriss, Mr. Arthur Bourchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh, the late Mr. Dan Leno, Mr. Albert Chevalier, and Mr. Lewis Waller. There is naturally considerable eagerness to take part in these performances, and once or twice managers have replaced their regular "supers" with personal friends. But this is sharply deprecated, and, if discovered—as it has been—the royal displeasure is unmistakably expressed.

The Girl from 'Frisco.

Miss Gladys Unger, whose play, "Mr. Sheridan," was so successfully produced by Mr. Bourchier last Wednesday evening, is a beautiful San Francisco girl, with all the spirit of her compatriots and a dramatic power which should take her far. Her first play—a one-act piece entitled "Edmund Kean"—was produced by Mr. Seymour Hicks.

"Sergeant Brue."

That very popular musical comedy, "Sergeant Brue," is the attraction at the Shakspere Theatre, Clapham, this week. Among a very powerful cast will be found several pantomime favourites. Mr. Arthur Reynolds (who was so successful as Abanazar) plays the title rôle, whilst Miss Mary Hay (who was the dainty Princess) appears as Aurora Brue. Mr. J. H. Goldsworthy (who will be remembered for his excellent singing as the Demon King) is in his old character of Michael Brue. Other well-known members of the company are Mr. Clarence Ibbotson, Miss Cissie Raymond, Miss Marion Hargrave, Miss Ethel Ivimey, Mr. Ernest Moyar, Mr. Cecil Hood, etc. There are a powerful chorus and augmented orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Sidney Shaw.

"MISS HOOK OF HOLLAND," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

Photos. Foulsham and Banfield

Mr. Hook reclaims the cigar he has too prodigally bestowed upon Captain Paap (Mr. Herbert Clayton)

Mr. Hook (Mr. G. P. Huntley) accuses the manageress of his distillery (Miss Eva Kelly) of keeping his accounts irregularly.

Mr. A. E. E. Edwards, as Van Eck, one of the Dutch unemployables.

Miss Hook of Holland (Miss Isabel Jay) discovers her father, Mr. Hook (Mr. G. P. Huntley), searching for the lost recipe of the liqueur ("Cream of the Sky") which has made him wealthy and which has been stolen by Simon Slinks, the unemployable loafer.

FAMOUS REGIMENTS No. 1

17TH LANCERS (DEATH OR GLORY BOYS)

The Seventeenth Lancers were raised by Colonel Hale in 1759. Their badge, the Death's Head with the words "Or Glory," was intended to commemorate General Wolfe's death at Quebec. Colonel Hale was with Wolfe, and brought home the dispatches.

The World of Women

STRAW HATS for the present season show very decided signs of novelty. It is some time ago since an upright form of trimming ornamented the back of our millinery, but this is a distinct feature of many of the smart and simple straws, particularly those which are trimmed with flowers. Sprays of lilac and pale blue satin ribbon make a charming combination on a green straw; while pale blue and pink colourings in conjunction with burnt straw never fail to achieve success. An effective hat may be trimmed, in anticipation of Easter, by the veriest amateur for the sum of a few shillings if a becoming shape is chosen and crowned with a ready-made floral wreath. These floral wreaths, which can now be obtained in various forms, are a boon to the home milliner and the woman of slender purse.

Modes of the Moment.

Although flowers were never more in evidence upon millinery than they are just now, yet a new note has been struck in some instances by cleverly contriving rosettes of ribbon amid sprays and trails of leaves to give the effect of flowers. A hat trimmed with a flat wreath of leaves, interspersed at regular intervals with a cluster of satin ribbon, could never be mistaken for last year's creation. Among other new styles, there is a small hat, somewhat in the poke-bonnet shape, with a brim considerably wider in front than at the back. This is trimmed with a bunch of roses at each side, and similar posies of flowers placed equi-distant from the front are very fashionable just now upon many other forms of headgear. Floating veils and floating ribbons are not wholly discarded, and a gauze veil or folds of point d'esprit net form the staple trimming on a few hats suitable as the season advances. For knockabout and hard wear it would be hard to beat the popular straw hat with straw trimming. In neat, becoming shapes, ready for immediate wear, these range in prices from 1s. 11½d.

A Novelty in Millinery.

Daughters are more easily suited nowadays with fashions than their mothers. It is often a matter of considerable heart-burning with the matron who goes in search of a suitable mantle before she can find what she requires. Three very desirable spring mantles have just come under my notice. The first, at the unique price of £1 1s., is circular in shape, and composed of black silk and cloth appliqué, embroidered jet, and trimmed black silk lace and ribbon. It is 27 inches in length, has a flounce of the lace all round, a pretty ruche at the neck, and knotted bows and ends of ribbon falling down the front. The second mantle, price 25s. 6d., is 36 inches in length, and extends to a point in front. It is composed of similar materials, but differs slightly in design. The third model, price 29s. 6d., is of rich black broché silk, trimmed black silk lace, sequin and jet passementerie. It is 30 inches in length, and trimmed with a circular flounce of lace at the hem, and a double frill of lace at the neck, which is finished off with long bows and ends of ribbon.

For the Matron.

Easter is generally the herald of new dresses, and more often than not the new costume, however superior in smartness and style to the old one, is considerably lacking in warmth. Of course, the winter coat, too, has to be discarded in deference to appearances, for pride must suffer pain, and frequently Easter finery is worn at the expense of cold. Therefore I would recommend my readers to be sure and include some warm and becoming wrap in their spring outfit—a marabout stole, for instance, if they are not the fortunate possessors of a pretty fur shoulder wrap. Muffs are generally discarded about Easter time, but fur stoles and ties are worn till a much later date. For the sum of 5s. 11d. a marabout stole in black or natural colour may be obtained. This measures 2½ yards long and boasts five strands. Seven strands, 2½ yards long, cost 8s. 11d., while eight strands, 2¾ yards in length, cost 11s. 6d. A round ostrich-feather boa, which is a very becoming style to some women, can be obtained for 7s. 6d. in various shades—white, natural, grey, and black-and-white.

A Wrap for Easter.

Bright spring weather will mean that baby may have longer and more frequent outings than hitherto. Naturally, both nurse and mother will wish to smarten up the perambulator or mail-cart. A very dainty new lace-trimmed set for the purpose includes canopy, cover, and pillow-case, and costs 9s. 6d. per set. If liked, the cover only may be purchased for 3s. 6d., or the canopy can be had separately for 4s. 6d.

Something for Baby.

It is almost impossible to choose a wedding present with any degree of certainty that it will not be duplicated; but articles of use have, perhaps, an advantage in this respect over things of ornament merely. A useful suggestion for a wedding gift to a young bride not too well endowed with this world's goods, but who is naturally ambitious to have a dainty home, is a sheet-sham set, comprising one sheet-sham and a pair of pillow-shams. The cost is 12s. 6d. the set, and would make a welcome addition to the linen-cupboard of any house-proud woman.

The House-proud Woman.

A wooden egg or mushroom will be found an invaluable aid to darning. It is often a great strain upon the hand to keep a large hole at just the tension required to darn over it. If the egg is slipped into the stocking, it will be found quite easy to fill in even a large hole. When material with a flat surface is in question, such as a sheet or table-cloth, the egg may be slipped under the hole, and the material held lightly stretched over it. A patch may also be set in by the aid of a wooden egg very much more neatly than when the hand only is relied upon.

An Aid to Darning.

Few English cooks understand the right art of cooking macaroni. To obtain the best results it should be plunged into boiling water, and kept fast boiling for twenty minutes, until it is quite soft and considerably swollen in size. Then drain and simmer for five minutes in a frying-pan, with a little butter. Season with grated Parmesan cheese, pepper, mustard, and salt, and cover with a rich brown sauce. If preferred, the sauce may be omitted, in which case add a little milk while simmering.

To Cook Macaroni.

HAT WITH A GREEN VELVET BÉRET CROWN AND A GOLD LACE BRIM BOUND WITH VELVET.

HOW TO SAVE!

YOU CAN OPEN A BANK ACCOUNT with the money you save on your requirements, if you do as thousands are doing and buy only from

H. SAMUEL'S BIG FREE BARGAIN GUIDE

AND FREE PRIZE LIST,

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HALF USUAL RETAIL PRICES

3000 bargains to choose from, including:

RELIABLE CLOCKS FROM 1/-; WATCHES, 6/6; GOLD GEM RINGS, 5/6; DINNER CRUETS, 4/6; SILVER BROOCHES, 1/-; GOLD BROOCHES, 5/6.

FREE TRIAL AND FREE BONUS PRIZES with all purchases.

SEND TO-DAY FOR BOOK. A POST-CARD WILL DO. THEN START SAVING.

H. SAMUEL, 111, Market St., MANCHESTER.

Big Values by Post from

NOBLE'S

Deal direct by post with JOHN NOBLE, Ltd., the actual Manufacturers. It not only saves half the money you would spend elsewhere, but does away with the endless trouble and fatigue of shopping. For the latest styles in Costumes, Coats, Skirts, Blouses, General Drapery, &c., send for

NOBLES' NEW SPRING CATALOGUE,

sent post free. Here is one of the attractions offered in its pages:—

AN IDEAL SPRING COSTUME.

MODEL 1920.

12/9

Carriage 6d. extra.

Dainty Russian Costume. This Ladylike costume consists of smart Russian Coat, which can be worn open or closed with embroidered vest and square cut collar, nicely stitched. Three-quarter length sleeves, pleated at elbow, and prettily embroidered cuffs. Walking Skirt made with five gores, smartly cut. Amply full and well-finished. Developed in J.N. Cheviot Serge and Vicuna Cloth. COLOURS—Light or Dark Grey, Heliotrope, Fawn, Royal, Brown, Crimson, Myrtle, Black, and Navy. Also in Heather Mixtures. To fit figures 34, 36, or 38 ins. bust; 23, 26, and 28 ins. waist; length of skirt, 38, 40, or 42 ins.; price only 12/9. Carriage 6d. extra.

This design is also made to measure and lined throughout, in J.N. "Amazon" Cloth (Regd.) in all leading colours for 26/9.

JOHN NOBLE, LTD.

38, BROOK STREET MILLS,

MANCHESTER.

Miss Desperado.

By HENRY T. JOHNSON.

(Continued from page 148)

"God will smite you!" What if that day, that night, within that hour, the dread call should come! All at once Matthew Jerningham was seized with an overmastering impulse and desire to do that which he had left undone; to right, so far as in him lay, the old wrong.

But how at that distance of time and years? He know not even if they lived or had died, still less where they stood—or slept, those to whom he yearned to make amends.

"God will smite you!" At least he would do all he could, let his wife rail and storm as she might, when she knew.

Seizing a sheet of foolscap paper, he covered it with hasty writing, hasty, yet well considered, well thought out, in terms that could not fail of their purpose; he had not been a magistrate all those years in vain. He was about to sign it, then he bethought himself that it must be witnessed by two persons.

The servants? No. Their tittle-tattle would from their hall travel to her boudoir. The greater stranger, the better witness.

A knock came at the door; a couple of workmen who had been employed on the electric-light installation entered, with many apologies, to remove some of their belongings. An idea struck him.

"I want something witnessed," he said, "would you mind helping me in the matter? I assure you it's quite a harmless document, and as you can see, I only require your signatures as witnesses."

They begged pardon, but explained that they were not scholars, nor used to writing and such like, not knowing what was in that line, and therefore not liking to risk treading on live wires.

"Oh, if you have any reluctance, the matter's at an end, only I thought you might care to earn an easy sovereign—each!"

After that the matter looked much simpler. Of course, if they were to sign only as witnesses, and on the assurance of a gentleman that there was nothing in it, the matter was altogether different. Ultimately, they saw him sign, and they themselves subscribed their names as witnesses, were rewarded, and departed.

Reading it over, Matthew Jerningham felt somehow more at peace. He folded the will fourwise, and hesitated about its resting-place. He was not quite certain about the drawers of his roll-top desk: he had an uneasy idea that Mrs. Jerningham at times obtained possession of his keys.

The big bell of the hall-door clanged loudly. "Jerrold!" he exclaimed. "By Jove! how my heart jumped! Absurd!" He looked around for a temporary hiding-place for that fourwise document. His pockets? No — he knew his carelessness and forgetfulness.

Then the Book caught his eye, and he opened it at hazard, placed the fourwise-folded sheet within it, and in part casually, in part for reference, glanced at the chapter-heading—Exodus xv.

And it chanced that his eye caught the last line of verse 23, whereat his heart gave yet another leap.

"How strange!" he muttered, as he placed the Bible on its shelf.

A footman entered, and announced, "Nurse Sylvain, Sir."

"Show her in," he said, rising.

The man ushered in a form clad in soft grey clinging garments, than retired.

"You come from St. Deniol's. I am——"

She looked up—their eyes met—hers widened as she started, and she gave a cry: "At last! at last!"

But he drew himself erect in a strange uncanny silence, the veins swelled on his forehead, the blue tinge deepened on his brow and cheeks.

"They told me—you—were—dead!"

"My God!" he cried. Then, with an awful gurgling sound, he crashed down head-foremost at her feet.

A moment she stood dazed; then her training asserted itself, she touched a bell, and in a moment was on her knees, loosening his collar and shirt, and rubbing at his heart. Then the door opened. Without even looking up, she called to them. "Telephone for the doctor immediately. Ah! you are here, how fortunate! He has had a fit, was seized just as I entered."

They lifted him to a sofa, where he lay for a while, breathing stertorously. Forsyth takes his pulse, and his face grows graver still.

"Tell me, tell me!" the wife wailed, imploringly, "he is not dying! He will recover! he will not die, just yet!" Then to the man who entered by his side—

"Stephen Jerrold, tell me, can nothing be done? Can't you write out what he ought to have written, and make him sign it, with some aid, as soon as he comes round?"

"Certainly not, Madam," replied the lawyer sternly; "surely this is not the moment to vex him or yourself with earthly cares."

For he had read the meaning in the doctor's glance.

The prostrate man's eyes opened with a quiver, and were fixed on the pale face with the plain bands of hair, golden streaked with silver, beneath the prim frilled cap. He raised one arm, tried to point, they knew not where.

"The Book!" he gasped, "Exodus—twenty-three, yes—yes! Vengeance is His—mercy!" Then he fell back dead.

The lawyer pondered on the strange reference. He wondered what it could mean. Being a Commissioner to administer oaths, Stephen Jerrold always carried his pocket Testaments, the Old and the New, and by means of them picked up sundry eighteenpences from deponing Jew or Gentile. Turning to Exodus xv., 23, he read, half aloud—

"And when they came to Marah, they would not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter, therefore the name of it was called Marah."

"Ah yes!" he whispered to the doctor, "the poor fellow was wandering, thinking of his end."

But the grey Nurse was whispering also, to herself. "The name of it was called Marah. Yes. We called her Marah—because her lot was bitter."

(To be Continued.)

NOTICE.—*In future, all Editorial Communications for "P. I. P." must be addressed to: 172, Strand, London, W.C.*

THE STORY OF THE WRECK.

THE passengers of the Blue Anchor liner *Geelong*, who arrived in London on Sunday, had more than one exciting experience to relate. In a dense fog off Beachy Head they narrowly escaped ramming the *Royal Sovereign* lightship, barely escaped being run down by a large vessel, and fouled and sank the *Frognor*, of Christiania, a vessel of 1800 tons laden with iron ore.

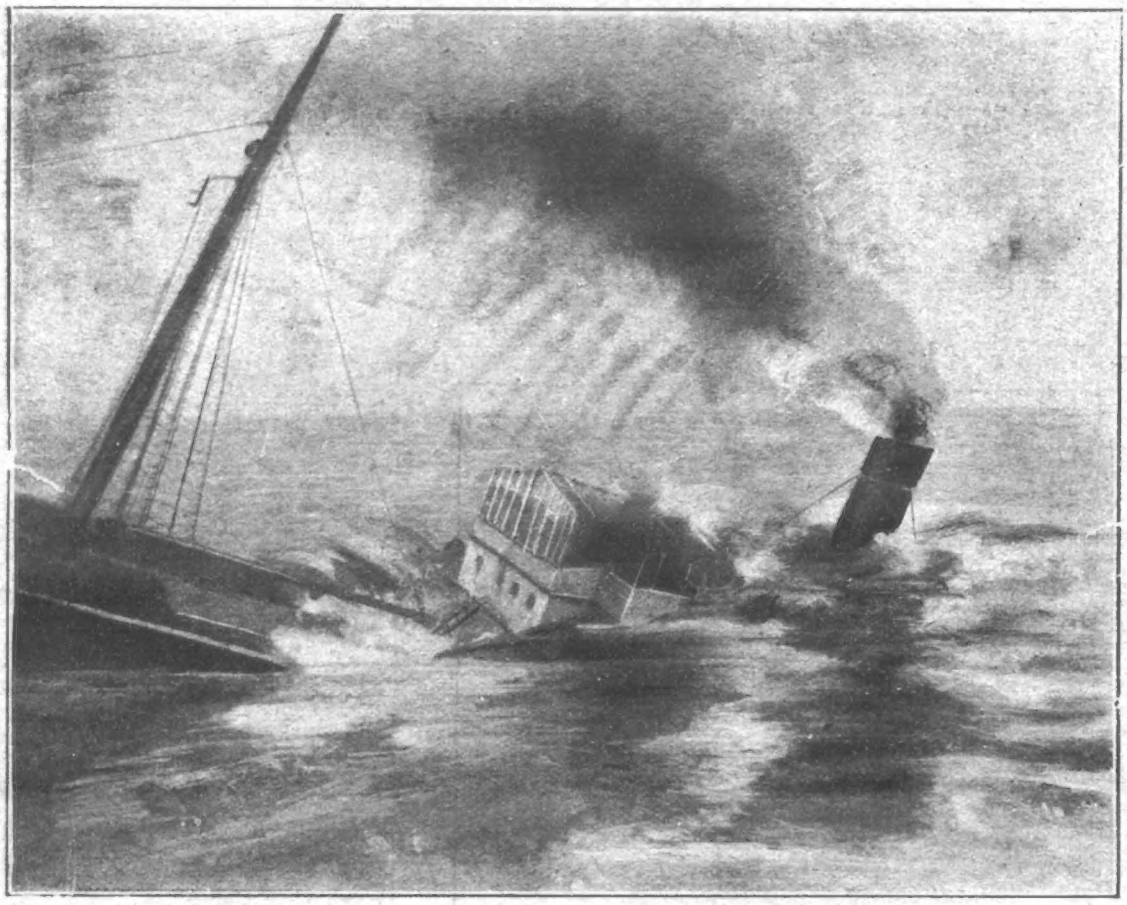
The *Geelong* had been nosing through a dense mist for twelve hours when she so nearly rammed the lightship, and it was the cries from aboard this vessel that warned the officers of the *Geelong* of the dangerous proximity of a large cargo-steamer — the *Frognor* — which was driving straight across their bows. Engines were at once sent astern, but it was too late, and the *Geelong* struck the *Frognor* on her port quarter. It was at once seen that a huge rent had been made in the side of the smaller vessel, and that she must founder very soon. The captain of the liner realised this, signalled his engines half-speed ahead, and ran the bows of his vessel into the rent in the side of the *Frognor*, so keeping out a certain amount of water.

With luck, there was just a chance that the crew, seventeen in all, might have time to escape. They scrambled aboard the *Geelong*, the captain being the last to leave, their vessel rapidly settling down as they did so. Even then the captain of the *Frognor* returned to rescue a favourite dog which had been shut up in the chart-house, and only just reached the *Geelong*, for the second time, to escape going down with his ship.

Our unique photograph of the wreck was taken just before she sank.

THE WRECK OF THE S.S. "FROGNOR."

RAMMED IN THE FOG.



Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

JUST BEFORE THE END.

SINKING STERN FIRST IN THE CHANNEL

This unique photograph of the s.s. "Frognor" was taken from the deck of the vessel that rammed her—the Blue Anchor Liner "Geelong"—just before the doomed steamer sank. Providentially there was no loss of life, despite the fact that there was a dense fog at the time, and the "Frognor" sank with alarming swiftness.

The Matrimonial Ticket.

"Colonists in the North-West territory of Canada who are making a railway journey in order to secure a wife," says *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, "take a 'matrimonial ticket.' On production of the return ticket and the marriage certificate, the settler's bride journeys with him to her new home free of charge."

Sir A. Swettenham Resigns.

The resignation of Sir Alexander Swettenham, the Governor of Jamaica, was announced in the House of Commons on Monday in reply to a question by Mr. H. H. Marks.

The retiring Governor is sixty-one years of age, having been born in 1846. He entered the Ceylon Civil Service in 1868, and held various important positions, chiefly in the East, prior to being appointed Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of Jamaica in 1904. He has been close on forty years in the public service.

House of Commons Races.

Hawthorn Hill has been selected for the annual Bar Point-to-Point Steeplechases, which will take place on Saturday, April 13. The House of Commons will run their races the same afternoon and over the same course.

Carbine's Winnings.

A Melbourne admirer of Carbine has compiled a list of the winnings last year of that horse's progeny in various parts of the world. They amount to £128,170, namely: £66,493 in England, £49,291 in Australia, £10,008 in France, £1500 in Belgium, and £878 in New Zealand.

Specially Privileged.

"Neither a Member of Parliament, nor anyone having business with Parliament," says a writer in *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, "can be arrested within its precincts. Even the doorkeeper could not be arrested while on duty, or even served with a writ or a summons. And the M.P. himself is in better ease. He is protected from arrest for forty days before the meeting of Parliament, and for forty days after it has risen. A clergyman cannot be arrested while going to church or while leaving it, or within the sacred walls; and even for a crime no policeman dare arrest and take an Archbishop or a Bishop before a magistrate, except by leave of the King. The King is the sanctuary of the Episcopacy."

Sanctuary.

In London and in other parts of the country there used to be sanctuary even for criminals, for a certain length of time, in places like the Savoy, Whitefriars, the Temple, and the Mint. Thousands of malefactors have sought and found sanctuary in Durham Cathedral; and this was only one of thousands of such refuges in York, Norwich, Derby, Wells, Northampton, Chester, and other towns. But the sanctuary had to be vacated within forty days. There were no extradition laws at that time, and the criminal was safe if he abjured the realm and left his country for his country's good. There is no sanctuary now for a criminal offence.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the following rates:—

SITUATIONS VACANT - - - - - - 1d. per word.
SITUATIONS WANTED - - - - - - 1d. per word.
PRIVATE WANTS, SALE, or EXCHANGE - 1d. per word.
TRADE - - - - - - - - - - 1s. per line of 8 words.

Old Artificial Teeth Bought; call or forward by post; full value by return.—Messrs. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 63, Oxford Street, London, W. (Estab. 100 years.)

"Picture Post-Cards."—Immense variety. List free. Agents Wanted.—Stevenson & Co., 6, St. German's Road, Forest Hill, London.

Old False Teeth are no use to you—turn them into cash.—R. D. & J. B. Fraser, Ltd., Desk 121, Princes Street, Ipswich, give highest value.

You can earn 1/- per hour.—Full particulars of employment, apply Y. 89, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

Baby Cars direct from factory on approval; carriage paid. We save you 5s. in the £; cash, or easy payments from 4s. monthly. Send for splendid new Catalogue, free.—Direct Public Supply Co., Dept. 27, Coventry.

Ladies' High-class, Second-hand **Clothing.** Send for Catalogue.—Madame Dupont, Wood Green, London.

Lovely Blouse and Dress Materials at Warehouse Price. Patterns Post Free. Send for Fashion Catalogue of Blouses, Skirts, Costumes, &c.—Sidney George, Merchant, Moseley Road, Birmingham.

BABY CARS.—Take advantage of our great Bargain Sale and save 7s. in the £. Opportunity of a lifetime. Cash or Easy payments, and packed free and carriage paid. Magnificent list free from the makers—
Lloyd Courts & Co., "B" Dept., Coventry.

Bicycles, £5 5s. Cash, or 7s. with order, and 10s. per month. Lined frames, plated rims, free wheel, two brakes, lamp, bell, pump, spanners. Honest Reliable Machines. High-grade Tyres. Carriage paid. Guaranteed four years; ten days approval. Testimonials, photo. Full specifications from the maker, George Beatson, Lion Cycle Works, 80, Moseley Street, Birmingham.

Free—Cycles, 650 Guaranteed Machines; new and secondhand, from 20s. each. B.S.A. and Eadies in stock. Accessories at half price. 100-page List free to all. Wholesale prices; eye-opener. 50 per cent. cheaper than others. Agents wanted.
Warrilow & Co., Weston-super-Mare.

LONDON HIPPODROME.
TWICE DAILY,
at 2 and 8 p.m.
An Entertainment of Unexampled Brilliance.

Small Grass & Poultry Farms for Sale

1. Near Berwick and Hellingly, Sussex. Pasture Farm with Woodland, small House, and convenient Buildings, 68a., 2r., 19p. £1300
2. Another Grass Holding adjoining (without buildings), 40 acres £690
3. Near Mayfield, Sussex, 2 Modern Cottages, Cow Lodge, and Grass and Woodland, 11½ acres £550
4. Also 5 cottages (in one tenement), Grass and Woodland, close to above, 11 acres £550

Particulars of the Owner, Estate Office, 10, Adam Street, Strand, W.C.

A FREE GIFT
OPEN TILL EASTER.

Enormous sacrifices during Sale. 10,000 yards of our Special Bradford Cloths must be sold regardless of cost. As an advertisement we will send you OUR "SURPRISE" PARCEL OF FANCY HABERDASHERY (containing over 50 useful and elegant articles) together with A FASHIONABLE COSTUME SKIRT absolutely free to any address for Postal Order 3/- and nine penny stamps. The skirt is made specially to your own measurements, thus ensuring a good fit, in Black, Navy, Grey, Red, or Brown, strapped and trimmed as illustrated. State length of Skirt in front, waist and hip measurements. Post your order to-day, and make certain of this bargain. We deliver promptly and guarantee satisfaction.—Dept. 295, The MIDLAND CLOTHING FACTORY, 5, Cheapside, BRADFORD.

£150 TO BE GIVEN AWAY

We will give **£75** for the correct solution of this rebus. Take your time about it, even consult friends or your library, then if you think you are right, send your solution—a post-card will do.

It represents a familiar saying derived from the English version of a famous Spanish book, edited by a noted writer who died in the 6th decade of the 19th century. Remember, there is only one exactly correct solution. Probably very few will send in the right solution; if more than one is received we shall invite three contestants to award the cash *pro rata*. If you find nine words correctly you will participate in a Second Prize of **£60.** Other handsome cash prizes of **£15, £10,** and **£5** will be given, and there is only one easy condition, which need cost you nothing, and about which we will write when we receive your solution. Finally, every promise in this advertisement will be scrupulously carried out, and all will be treated with even-handed justice.

GOLDSMITHS' MANUFACTURING CO.,
18, Milton House, Surrey Street, London, W.C.

To Asthma SUFFERERS

Instant relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough, by the use of **POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE,** in 1/- Tins. Sold everywhere. For FREE SAMPLE send Post-card to POTTER & CLARKE, Artillery Lane, London, E. Please mention this paper.
INSTANT RELIEF

The 5/= *Ingersoll* Crown WATCH and its GUARANTEE

The fact that it is a practical reliable timekeeper is the real reason for the world-wide popularity of the Ingersoll Crown 5/- Watch. A watch made to keep time—guaranteed to keep time—a watch that actually does keep time.

Regular gent's size, open face, real lever, lantern pinion, keyless action, stem winding and stem setting, non-magnetic; cases in nickel, gun-metal, or gold plate finish.

We prefer to sell through the shopkeeper, but if your dealer cannot supply you, send us 5/- and we will send Watch and Guarantee by return of post.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.,
298 L., Audrey House, Ely Place, London, E.C.

15/- FOR ROOKS, PIGEONS, RABBITS

Single-Barrel, Hammerless, Breech-loading Shot-Guns, converted from Government Rifles, and fitted to take the ordinary No. 12 Central Fire shot-cartridges; specially bored by an improved process for long-distance shooting, 15/- each. Best quality, with self-ejecting action and pistol-grip stock, 20/-. Cartridges, 6/- 100. Double-barrel Breech-loaders from 29/-. Air Guns, 12/6. Walking Stick Guns, 12/6. Revolvers from 4/-. Send 3 stamps for Price List.
MIDLAND GUN CO., Price St., BIRMINGHAM.

CORNS DR. BUDD'S CORN SILK
cures painlessly, rapidly, permanently.
Per Post, 8½d.
COOK, Chemist, NOTTINGHAM.

5s. m'thly. **SENT ON APPROVAL FREE** on Rails Norwich. Send no deposit. Special offer. A high-grade Cycle for cash, **£4 10s.** Victorys, Swifts, Singers, Premiers, Centaurs, Triumphs, Rudge-Whitworths, Humbers, etc., **£2 10s.** to **£8 10s.**, and from **5s.** monthly. Write for terms.—Dorehamroad Cycle Co., Norwich.

THE "P·I·P" GARDENER AND POULTRY-FANCIER

MARCH 11 to 17.—The truth must certainly be admitted that the spring of 1907 is exceptionally late, and I can foresee urgent garden work coming upon us with a rush the moment more favourable weather sets in. Personally, chiefly owing to the exceptional frosts, I am already sadly in arrear with many tasks, and it will be helter-skelter soon to get a score of jobs done in the time usually devoted to half the quantity of work.

My Garden Plans.

I am going to make potatoes my first charges this week, and shall be sowing several rows of the ever-popular Early Rose and a few ash-leaf kidneys. By the way, I purchased a sack (112 lb.) of excellent Early Rose seed from Cambridgeshire a few weeks ago for five shillings, and the tubers are sprouting well. Candidly, I am not a believer in the "dibber" system of planting potatoes, and its one recommendation is that it saves time. Far more satisfactory is the old style that I learned in Somerset as a lad. First of all, having selected the ground, I lay my line from side to side, and dig out a trench some five to seven inches deep, scattering the earth of this first trench well behind me. In the bottom of this trench I lay manure, levelling it evenly. Then, three inches *in front* of the line, and at intervals of from ten inches to a foot, according to their size, I plant my potatoes, taking care to give the shoots every care and advantage. My next plan is to move back the line twenty-two inches, and then I cover in the trench, digging the ground deeply, and throwing the earth well forward. Working backwards, furrow by furrow, I reach my line again, when the process of manuring, planting and covering in is repeated. Possibly I am old-fashioned, but, be that as it may, I know that my potatoes are *planted*, and not thrown into the ground. I know also that the roots will have manure, that every inch of the soil has been moved, and that when the time comes my hoeing-up will be so much lighter and more satisfactory. Further, this extra trouble and care during March is an insurance policy against an epidemic of weeds in May.

There are many methods of planting peas, but in order to ensure a sound, heavy crop, great care should be taken. During the early part of March, marrowfats—great wrinkled peas, these, and the best—may be sown, and an open sunny situation should be chosen. It is a good plan to have plenty of room between the rows, and other crops may well be grown in the spaces thus left. From four to seven feet is none too great a distance between strong, robust peas, which need all the light and air possible. The distance between the rows should equal the height of the peas, some gardeners say. I take it that you have had your ground trenched or turned up roughly during the winter months, and your next step will be to dig a wide, deep trench where the row is to come. Into this lay an abundance of well-rotted stable manure, leaf refuse, and so on. The object of this treatment is mainly to provide nutriment, but, incidentally, it retains moisture very largely, and for this reason may be an untold advantage during a dry spell. Cover over the manure with well-broken soil, and sow your peas in a double row, some two to two and a half inches deep and four inches between the rows. Sow marrowfats fairly thinly, certainly a great deal thinner than the earlier kinds, which are obviously longer in the ground and more at the mercy of damp, and, with many gardens, mice. It is safer to sow peas too thickly rather than the reverse, of course, for, naturally, they may in due time be easily thinned out. On the treatment of peas when they begin to grow I shall have more to say next week.

Planting Peas.

This is an excellent week for planting the main crop of broad beans and transplanting those you may have raised in beds or boxes earlier in the spring. The seed should be planted in good soil, three inches deep, and I advise the double row. Place the beans four inches apart, with six inches between the rows. Between the "lines," *i.e.*, the double rows, have from three to five feet; if you wish it, spinach or lettuce may well be grown in the intervening space. I shall have some more marrowfat peas going in this week, and I am going to try a small quantity of celery seed in a light open bed in the garden. Then I shall attend to that ever-useful feature, the parsley-bed, which, in my case, takes the form of a border. The seed should not be sown too thickly and must be fairly well covered; it takes several weeks to come up. Another crop, and an important one that would have been seen to earlier but for the weather, is onions, and I feel it would not be wise to delay planting longer. I shall take advantage of a dry day and drill in the seed reasonably, thinly, and nearly an inch deep in the soil. If this is a busy week in the kitchen-garden, the flower-garden also needs no small amount of time, and the process of rolling the lawn must not be overlooked. Within the next week or two shrubs and hedges should have their clipping and trimming, though it is often advisable to delay this work in a backward season, for naturally one does not want the cuts and wounds in the wood to show longer than necessary, though now new shoots should quickly grow. Every part of the flower-garden ought by this time to be neatly dug, and box and other edgings smartened by an acquaintance with the shears. Most of the hardy annuals may be sown this week, as your allowance of spare time holds out.

The Planting Programme.

HAND-REARED FOAL.

This foal is the property of a farmer residing near Basingstoke, the mother of which died when the little creature was but a few days old. The farmer's wife, by means of a specially made baby's bottle, is successfully rearing the colt.

Many a garden is troubled with mice among the seeds, particularly in the case of peas and beans. A remedy I have often used with great effect is to take a large flower-pot and sink it in the ground till it is almost on a level with the surface. Beneath the hole in the centre of the base of the pot I suspend with strong wire a smooth wooden roller, or even a metal cylinder. My friend the mouse leaps on this roller through the hole and falls to the bottom, from which he cannot very well escape. Another plan, and perhaps a simpler one, I heard of in Suffolk. It was to take an ordinary glass jam-jar and sink it into the ground. By greasing the edge of the jar and keeping it three-parts full of water, many members of the mouse family may be captured "in the night season."

Mice Among the Seeds.

Referring to my remarks regarding spring chicken last week, I will return to the subject now, and unless you are well up in the Fancy, or an exceptionally favoured amateur, it will not be too late even now to drop a few hints regarding the sitting of hens. I take it, therefore, that you are an amateur willing to listen, for if you are a professional—well, it is not for me to presume to teach you. First of all, having selected your stock and arranged for healthy egg-production as outlined last week, you must obtain your broody hen. Do not risk sittings of eggs that have cost you so much care and trouble with a young and flighty pullet, but rather choose a staid bird that you have proved to be a good mother. The sitting-box should be deep, not too large, and as circular as possible, with an opening cut in front as a means of exit and ingress for the bird. Having lined the box with a mixture of sweet, dry hay and straw, and arranged the eggs—usually eleven to thirteen in number—place the nest-box in the quarters you have decided upon. A dark, dry shed is undoubtedly the best choice, where the hen is not likely to be disturbed. Then, towards evening, carefully move the hen, without flurrying her, to the nest-box, and stand her beside it, seeing that she has a supply of fresh water and some maize or good feeding corn. In the morning, if your hen acts up to expectation, you will find her sitting snugly, and then the more she is left alone the better.

Spring Chicken Again.

A GUIDE FOR GARDENERS.

We have received from Messrs. Daniels Brothers, Limited, seed-growers and nurserymen, of Norwich, their excellently compiled book the "Illustrated Guide for Amateur Gardeners," which will be forwarded, free, to all our readers. Messrs. Daniels are noted for their attention to all orders, large or small. It is to this that they attribute the volume of their business, which has steadily increased year by year. We can certainly say that their "Guide" is most complete and instructive, and should advise our gardening readers to write for it without delay.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

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